

THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT.

[Some weeks back we published a statement giving the daily circulation of this newspaper, which was the first authentic publication of the daily sale of a London newspaper. The result of that announcement was that the attention of advertisers was called to the possibilities of obtaining business through the *Daily Mail* to an extent that has embarrassed us."—*Daily Mail*.]

So great has been the number of letters from advertisers in the *Daily Mail* that the staff of that journal has been unable to cope with them all. Mr. Punch at once courteously offered to assist in dealing with this mass of correspondence. The following are two of the most interesting letters:—

SERVANTS.

DEAR SIR,—I must ask you to withdraw my advertisement for the present. I have had 900 odd applicants for the situation of general servant. Besides being obliged to give forty-three of them their return fares in order to get rid of them, I have missed several small silver ornaments and an umbrella.

Yours faithfully,
(MRS.) WILLESDEN GREEN.

BIRTHS.

DEAR SIR,—Since advertising the birth of my little boy in your bright little paper, I have been inundated with samples of foods, milks, clothing, wine, &c., which I find very useful.

Please repeat the announcement every Wednesday until further notice.

Yours faithfully,
MARIA C. GRABBE.

THE POET'S APOLOGY.

["Dressed in a smartly cut, frock-coated suit, ARTEMUS CLARENDON, alias PUGH, thirty, described as of no occupation and superior education, recently pleaded guilty at the County of London Sessions at Clerkenwell to having stolen a variety of articles. There was a long list of previous convictions. 'I am a poet of considerable talent,' explained the prisoner. . . . 'There is a great deal of good in me, and I only want an opportunity to lead an honest and godly life, my instincts being naturally pure.'"
—*Daily Paper*.]

PITY the poet who
Presents himself to you,
Of no occupation,
But good education,
And settled convictions too.

The labouring man may make
As much as he needs to take
By a little odd-jobbing,
Or possibly sobbing
A prayer for his children's sake.

But the true poetic mind
Is of another kind—
Its range is extensive,
Its tastes are expensive,
Superior and refined.



A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

He must surrounded be
With all that's fair to see,
For it is his duty
To cultivate beauty—
A question of £ s. d.

A shiny bright top hat—
He can't dispense with that;
Cigars too *et alia*
Paraphernalia
Lurk in a poet's flat.

Of course he must be dressed
In Bond Street's very best;
But without legal tender
For bills that men render,
What course can you suggest?

His instincts, I am sure,
Are naturally pure—
He shrinks from committing
An action unfitting
These objects to secure.

But what is he to do
When Fortune's hard to woo,
When prospects, once distant,
Are now non-existent,
And pounds and pence are few?

Pity the poet! He
Is poor as poor can be,
Sought by his creditors,
Shunned by the editors.
Misery, misery me!

STUDIES OF BLIGHTED LIVES.

II.—THE PENALTY OF ACHIEVEMENT.

"To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive."
R. L. Stevenson in "*Virginibus puerisque*."

I MET ADOLPHUS after many days,
Him of the roving eye and rippling hair,
Past master in the lore of Woman's ways,
Dapper and debonair.

I think I never saw a man so changed.
His eye was dull, his locks were limp behind.
I felt that something must have disarranged
His ample ease of mind.

I grasped him firmly by the flabby hand.
"ADOLPHÉ!" (in the vocative) I cried,
"What hurt is here that leaves you thus unmanned?
What is the pain inside?"

"Has your digestive system been betrayed?
Or did appendicitis cause the smart?
Or have you inadvertently mislaid
Your so prehensile heart?"

ADOLPHUS answered: "Have you never known
That feeling, when fruition crowns the quest,
That just the speculation, this alone,
Had lent to life its zest?"

"Till then existence, full of quiet fun,
Teemed with potential chances on the wing;
Round any corner you might always run
Against the Ideal Thing.

"At last the lovely Apparition came.
Awhile you triumphed; then you woke and found
Errantry 'off,' and each new day the same
Drear apathetic round.

"My wife" (I flinched: so sudden fell the news)
"Is very perfect; yet, if now no more
The Great Adventure's mine, to win or lose,
This constitutes a bore.

"Time was when, any moment, I might meet
The woman fore-ordained for me to wed;
That stimulating thought is now effete,
That *raison d'être* is dead.

"The doctors find my blood has lost its fire;
They urge a change of air to save my life.
I know my symptoms better; I require
A frequent change of wife."

O. S.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

BY THE LITTLE BIRD.

THE Grand Duke GABRIEL of Russia celebrated his nineteenth birthday last week at Tiflis. The Grand Duke, who is a cousin of the CZAR, is a prominent member of the Tiflis Golf Club, and holds the Georgian Amateur Championship, which he won last June with a record score of 198 *minus* 50 for the full round of nine holes. The Duke is a remarkably powerful athlete, and the other day, when driving off from the first tee, he struck the tee-box with such violence that the ball rebounded into the Club house and killed a Circassian waiter.

The number of smart people who have met with accidents in the past fortnight is quite remarkable. Madame BONANZA DE BOODLE, while supping the other night at the Café Midas, was nearly choked by a shrimp, and is still suffering from

hoarseness brought about by the inconsiderate crustacean. Mr. SIDNEY LEE, when out with the Pytchley Hounds last Saturday, in jumping from a field into a lane landed on an Alderney cow and broke several of his collar-bones, but is doing nicely. Then Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, while pheasant shooting at Wembley Park on Thursday, was almost blinded by a rocket which fell from a great height and dislocated his aquascutum. Finally, Sir HENRY HOWORTH, in the course of a violent altercation in Pall Mall with the Secretary of the Free Food League, sustained a somewhat serious dorsal contusion.

EXPLANATIONS.

PARDON, BELINDA! if I swore
Half audibly, just to remind you
Of that enormous hat you wore,
While in the stalls I sat behind you;
It may have been the *dernier cri*,
A "perfect dream," a "sweet confection";
I only knew it baffled me
Craning my neck in each direction.
Then I resented—ah, too true!—
Your *nonchalance*, and would reprove it,
And since your hat obscured my view,
I hoped to urge you to remove it;
But now, last Sunday's wintry flaw
(How could you brave such boisterous weather?)
Has taught me better—for I saw
Coiffure and hat come off together.

SURGERY UP-TO-DATE.

[The successful grafting of somebody else's ear on the head of an American millionaire has already been fruitful in developments for the scientific world.]

ADVERTISER, having more hair and less income than she requires, would like to dispose of some of the former, all a-growing, on patches of scalp, 1 in. square, ready for grafting.—Apply, HIRUTA, *Daily Whig* Offices.

WHY HAVE A PUG NOSE?—The Bond Street Beauty Specialist, Madame ROSICRUCIA, M.D., can exchange same for Circassian feature, of any size. Large variety of pure-blooded natives always in stock, waiting for operations.

N.B.—Owing to political disturbances in Eastern Europe, special cheap Sale now on.

JUVENILE EXCHANGE INSURANCE SOCIETY.—Parents! insure your children against injury from disease or accident. This Society aims at benefiting all classes. The rich can supply their suffering little ones with fresh sound limbs, features or organs, as required. Poor parents are enabled by the sacrifice of one child to bring up the rest in comfort. All negotiations conducted with strictest secrecy.

MR. SOARER, the parachutist, has lately submitted himself to a novel and interesting experiment. Should it prove successful, he will be the greatest human curiosity in the world, and may possibly even become the progenitor of a new race of beings.

For some weeks past he has been lying in bed at a hospital, strapped, back to back, to a large eagle, whose pinions are gradually, with exquisite skill, being transferred to his own arms and shoulder-blades.

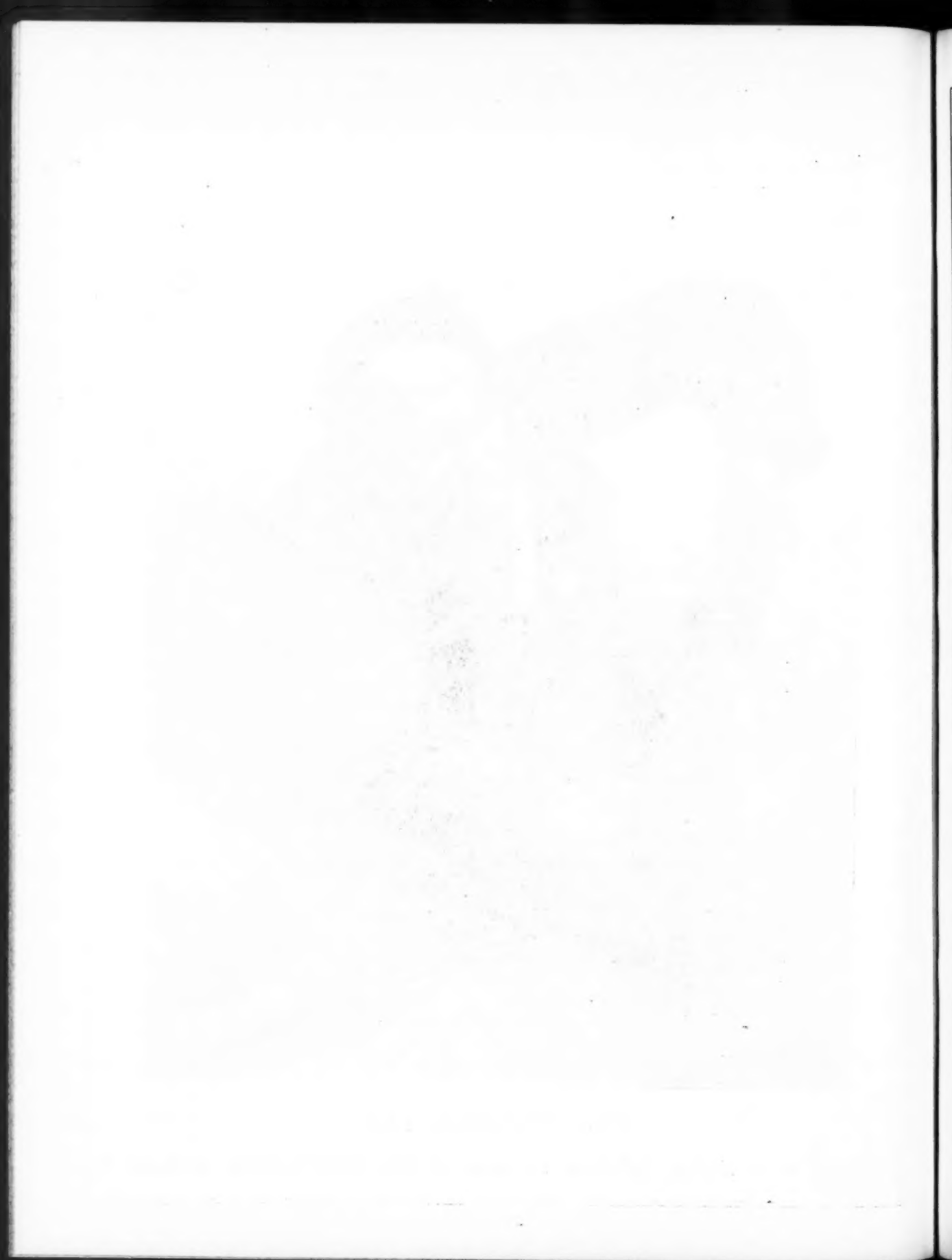
The operation is now at the humerus stage, and the whole medical world is watching its progress with the keenest interest.

Mr. SOARER has informed an interviewer that he feels little pain, but finds sleep difficult. The eagle's remarks were unprintable.



THE BOHOTLE IMP.

JOHN BULL BRINGS PRESSURE TO BEAR ON THE IRREPRESSIBLE MULLAH.





Keeper (to Beater). "WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE? WHY DON'T YE GO AND SPREAD YOURSELF OUT?"
Beater. "ZO I WERE SPREAD OUT, AND T'OTHER MAN 'E TOLD I, I WERE TOO WIDE!"

MR. BOURCHIER'S CRICKET TEAM;

Or, Harlequin Caleb and He stoops to Conquer!

It was indeed a happy thought of Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER'S, inspired by The Best Possible Christmas Spirits, to reproduce the dear old Dickensian *Cricket on the Hearth*; but it was an imp of mischief that prompted him to introduce the Shakspearian fairies Oberon, Titania, Ariel, and Puck, into a story with which they had not even the most distant connection, and where, when they do appear, it is only as some kind of winged Paul Pry's, apologising for their meddling and muddling, and in effect hoping that they don't intrude. Oberon from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Ariel from *The Tempest*!

Of course, if it were all arranged as a pantomime, with Tackleton afterwards Pantaloon, John Peerybingle afterwards Harlequin, Dot afterwards Columbine, Caleb afterwards Clown, and Edward, the illustrious stranger, afterwards Sprite, with Tilly Slowboy as Policeman, and the baby taking its place in the spill-and-pelt scenes of the harlequinade, then by all means let us have all the fairies and the Merry-as-Grigolati sprites that can be accommodated on the Garrick stage.

But this pretty, old-fashioned, domestic drama is not a pantomime at all, though "Kettle and Cricket did begin it," and although the household fairies of the *Hearth and Home* were by its author most deftly and most sweetly worked into it. The plot is theatrical, granted, but it served its purpose in 1845, just as in 1848 *The Wife's Secret* served Lovell for a drama, in which CHARLES KEAN and his wife made one of their greatest successes. DICKENS described his story as "a fairy tale of home," but the supernatural

company was a strictly limited one. It was divided into "Three Chirps," to which Mr. BOURCHIER has added "A Warble." Why "Warble"? Where does "Warbling" come in? The fairies do not warble: they sing solos and chorus, also they dance as do the mortals, but where's the "Warble?"

Having taken this leave and license with the author, why did not Mr. BOURCHIER go a little further, and as, on account of his stature and build, he is no more fitted by nature to play "a little meagre" man, such as DICKENS has described his Caleb Plummer, than was Sir HENRY IRVING to figure as Napoleon (in the play of *Madame Sans-Gêne*), why did he not adapt Caleb Plummer to his own inches, and play it so that everyone all over the house should be able to see his face, instead of painfully arching his back, in order to cut down the part as much as possible (what self-sacrifice in a manager-actor!), and so make a conscientious effort to play down to the original limitations of the character? That he plays it well and with great feeling and carries the audience with him, is the greater tribute to Mr. BOURCHIER'S histrionic talent, on account of our being deprived, to a considerable extent, of seeing the working of his features.

As Bertha, the blind girl, Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH is truly pathetic, and her performance "on a rude kind of harp which Caleb had contrived for her" is a touching episode in the cosy domestic scene at the Toymaker's.

And in the last "chirp" of all, absolutely unemotional must be the spectator who will not have perforce to blow his nose in order to stifle his tears, when Caleb makes his humble confession to his sweet blind daughter, and says, "I have wandered from the truth, intending to be kind to you; and have been cruel." A most touching scene, exquisitely

rendered by the chief actor and chief actress in it, assisted with great discretion by Miss JESSIE BATEMAN as *Dot*.

As *John Peerybingle*, Mr. BARNES is no less excellent than he has lately been in a sort of farming, horse-training character in *The Flood Tide* at Drury Lane, from which house, it being no great distance off, he seems to have stepped across without changing either his costume, make-up, dialect, or manner. Perhaps there wasn't time. But why "dialect"? Why do *Dot* and *John* assume a sort of provincial twang? Whether it smacks of Yorkshire, Sussex, or Berkshire, or whatever it may be, 'tis not so written by DICKENS in the book.

It was judicious of Mr. BARNES to leave his "make-up" much as it was at Drury Lane, because, on referring to the illustrated edition of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, it will be found that every one of the three clever draughtsmen employed to portray the character had his own private and peculiar view of *John Peerybingle's* age, costume, and lineaments. JOHN LEECH made him a bald-headed, clumsy, hobnailed, old rustic, a clodhopper at home with his pipe, mug, and his Missus, but quite past work; MACLISE showed him as a flaxen-haired, elegant, amateurish labourer, daintily attired, as he might be in a ballet or in private theatricals, and aged about thirty at the most; while DOYLE insisted on making him about forty, with a remarkably fine head of dark hair! No doubt Mr. BARNES was puzzled, and rightly decided on taking a line of his own.

By the way, unless *John Peerybingle* wishes his wife to catch her death of cold he will be careful to order for her a stout pair of boots, as it is distressing to forecast the consequences to merry little *Dot* of her walking out in the snow, during the depth of winter, wearing such very slight dancing-shoes as were fashionable, only of course for indoor wear, in the time of KATE NICKLEBY.

Miss LIZZIE WEBSTER, as *Tilly* with the baby, and Mr. FRANK MILLS as *Eduard the Stranger*, with the trick wig and false beard, are very amusing in their by-play, which delights the house and will probably be worked up into one of the principal attractions of the piece during the run that, judging from its hearty reception, there is every reason to believe is before it at the Garrick Theatre during the Christmas season.

Miss DOROTHY GRIMSTON, as the *Fairy Home*, delivers her lines with emphasis and discretion. Miss ELFRIDA CLEMENT is sympathetic in the small part of *May*, and little Master THOMAS LIPTON in the smaller part of *Puck* is, as might be expected from the name, "right to a T." The music by RICKETT, composed for the *Cricket*, is all that could be desired.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

(A Ballad.)

[A sensation has been caused in Portland, Oregon, by the arrest of two ladies and their husbands for highway robbery. Evidence was brought to show that the ladies used to stand beside their husbands while the robberies were being committed, and help to rifle the victims.]

WHEN EMERSON K. WASHINGTON met SADIE Q. VAN POTT,
Her numerous attractions bowled him over on the spot ;
At first distinctly timid, gaining courage by degrees,
He rushed into her presence, and addressed her, on his knees : —

"Oh, SADIE Q., I worship you, and not as other men ;
My love had proved a worthy theme for Poet SHAKESPEARE'S pen ;
My groans and sighs excite surprise, whene'er I pace the street ;
I really cannot sleep at all. And, worse, I cannot eat.

"For ham and eggs (Virginia style) I've ceased to care a jot ;
No strawberry shortcake tempts me now, nor Boston beans, served hot.

The oyster-stew I wave aside : I cannot touch a clam :
From these remarks you'll judge in what a wretched state I am.

"So do decide to be my bride ; oh, heed a lover's prayers ;
Admit some sunshine to a lot, which now is dark with cares.
But lest without reflection you are tempted to decline,
I'll picture what will happen should we form the said combine.

"Most husbands treat their wives as dolls, and, sorrowful to state,
Refuse to let them take a hand in things of any weight :
Myself I mean to act upon a widely different plan ;
For Lovely Woman's duty lies, I hold, in helping Man.

"If you elect to marry me, my angel-bird, you'll be
As partner in my business quite invaluable to me.
And what that business is, without preamble I will tell :
You see in me a footpad. And I'm doing very well.

"Way out in pleasant Oregon my humble trade I ply ;
Few highwaymen have got a larger clientèle than I ;
Think not that these are idle words. With truth my claims agree ;
You may have heard of 'Sand-Bag BILL' ? Exactly. I am he.

"So, if my proffered heart and hand you'll but consent to take,
You'll come with me on every expedition that I make ;
Together, hand in hand, my love, at night we'll roam about,
Entrap the guileless traveller, and—briefly—clean him out."

His speech was scarcely finished, when quoth SADIE, "Wal, I vum !

What, marry you, my EMERSON ? I calculate ! Why, some !

Stray travellers in Oregon will soon be mighty sick ;
Ring up the parson on the 'phone, and get it over slick."

The parson put the service through without the least delay ;

And EMERSON and SADIE Q. were wed that very day ;
Their happiness, I'm glad to say, is wholly free from cares ;

I never knew so prosperous a married life as theirs.

For every night, when dinner's o'er, and darkling shadows fall,

They take their knuckle-dusters from the hat-stand in the hall,

And EMERSON says, "SADIE, have you cartridges, my pet ?
Your iron, is it clean and bright ?" And SADIE says,
"You bet."

And then through quiet streets they prowl, through dim-lit squares they roam,

They intercept the passer-by, as he is hurrying home ;
And EMERSON'S destructive club upsets him with a crash,
While SADIE'S nimble fingers gather in the needful cash.

So on they go from day to day, as happy as can be,
And in this simple tale, I think, a moral we may see :
The married state can never be completely free from strife,
Unless a man's profession also interests his wife.

THE VERY LOWEST DEPTHS.

[A condensed version of that cheerful drama, *The Lower Depths*, by MAXIM GORKI, recently presented in London by the Stage Society.]

SCENE—A common lodging-house in Moscow. A number of *gauchi*—we mean GORKI—ne'er-do-weels dimly discovered sitting about on stage in profound darkness. Enter VASSILISSA, the fierce landlady of the establishment, followed by her husband KOSTOLOFF. She stumbles over the prostrate form of one of the lodgers and swears audibly.

Vassilissa. Who are you, confound you?

Alyoshka (shouting joyously). I'm ALYOSHKA. I was playing my concertina. [Does so discordantly.]

Kostoloff. Do you usually play your concertina lying flat on your back, eh?

Aly. Invariably. And I wave my legs in the air and bellow all the time like this. (Does so.) The Stage Society like it.

Vass. Get up. You're imbecile.

Aly. (rising morosely). Not much more so than all the rest of the cast. You'll see!

Vass. (peering through gloom and deservying dim form on bench). Who are you?

Dim Form (in squeaky voice). I'm the Baron. (Points to girl next to him.) This is NASTYA.

Kost. (sniggers). Not perceptibly nastier.

Aly. (apparently to concertina). Wheezes, wheezes, dash it! Baron. She's reading.

Vass. Some trash, I suppose?

Nastya. I dare say. But it's a lot livelier than this play!

Vass. (peering round). Is VASKA here?

Kost. (shocked). Really, VASSILISSA! This is most indecorous.

Vass. The whole establishment's profoundly indecorous. Where is he, BOOBNOFF?

[To stout individual sitting tailor-fashion on a stool.

Boobnoff. He's gone out for a walk with NATASCHA.

Vass. With my sister? I'll teach her! [Going.

Actor (a tattered person lurking in the background). I say! Stop! I haven't had a blessed line to say yet!

Kost. (tersely). Then don't say it.

Actor (throwing himself into an attitude vaguely reminiscent of Sir HENRY IRVING). And to think that I was once an actor-manager!

Kost. Drink, I suppose?

Actor. Put briefly, yes. But I used to be great! You should have seen me playing the hind legs of an elephant to MACREADY's forelegs. That was something like acting!

Vass. I dare say. (Shadowy Form enters. Sharply.) Is that you, VASKA?

Shadowy Form. No. It's me, WHEN.

Vass. What?

S. F. (crossly). Not "what." "WHEN." My name's "WHEN." It's on the programme.

Actor (sulkily). It ought to have been "Why." Then perhaps you could tell us why the Dickens—I mean the TOLSTOY—you're in the cast. You've nothing to do apparently.

When (meekly). I'm part of the local colour. So's ANNA. She's coughing there in the corner. (To KOSTOLOFF, sycophantically). "Coughing" and "coffin"; you might make a joke about that? (KOSTOLOFF shakes head vigorously.) No? Been done before, perhaps?—So's the Tartar. Have you caught the Tartar? LUKE ought to be here, but he's district visiting just now.

Actor (impatiently). I say, I wish you people would get on with the plot. Nothing's happened at all in the beastly play so far.

Baron (sardonically). In really high art drama nothing ever does happen at all.



A REAL GHOST STORY.

Mistress (returning). "ANY ONE TO SEE ME, MARY?"

Mary. "YES, MEM. AN INSANITARY SPECTRE."

[But it was only the Sanitary Inspector who had called regarding some alterations that were going on.

Actor (grumbling). Still, somebody ought to do something.

Vass. I'm going to do something. I'm going to do for NATASCHA as soon as she comes in. I'll teach her to flirt with VASKA!

Kost. (remonstrating). My love!

Vass. Oh yes, I will. Here they are. (Enter VASKA and NATASCHA.) Come here, you wicked girl!

[Shakes her violently.

Vaska (roughly). Now then, you leave her alone.

Vass. On the contrary, I'm going to whack her. You'll see! (To NATASCHA) Off with you!

Nat. Boo-hoo!

[Exit upstairs, weeping.

Vaska. If you do I'll kill your husband.

Vass. (eagerly). Will you? Oh, that would be nice. I can't bear KOSTOLOFF!

[Exit upstairs after NATASCHA, followed by KOSTOLOFF.

Sounds of stick heard off, mingled with squeals from poor NATASCHA.

Vaska. Hang it, I won't stand this!

[Exit hurriedly after the others. Greater hubbub than ever, mingled with cries of Murder!

Actor (rubbing his hands). This is better. It almost sounds as if something really was going to happen at last. Call the police, someone. I believe it's going to be quite like Drury Lane after all.

Baron (calls shrilly into street). MYEDVYEDIEFF! MYEDVYEDIEFF!

Actor (disgusted). What a name for a policeman! We

might all be murdered before you've learnt how to pronounce it. (*Shouts*) Hi, there! Bobby! Hurry up.

Enter MYEDVYEDIEFF, a stout person in Russian policeman's uniform. The din upstairs continues.

Myed. What's the matter?

Baron. They're murdering someone off. Can't you hear them?

Myed. (*grumbling*). Then what's the use of bringing me on? Who is it?

Baron. It's VASSILISSA murdering NATASCHA. Or VASKA murdering KOSTOLOFF. I don't know which.

Myed. But bless me, they're relations. I can't interfere in that. It's purely a family affair. [*Exit with dignity.*]

Actor (*disgusted*). With a policeman like that all drama becomes impossible.

[*The hubbub above gradually ceases.*]

Then VASKA descends.

Baron (*giggling*). He! He! Did you finish him?

Vaska. Yes. I think so. I didn't stop to see.

Baron. What are you going to do?

Vaska. Oh, I'm off. You won't hear anything more about me. [*Going.*]

Actor (*horried*). We shan't hear anything more about you?

Vaska. Not a blessed word. Good bye. [*Exit.*]

Actor (*in agony*). But the plot! What's to happen to the plot?

Baron. This play isn't going to have any plot.

Actor. Well, I'll be hanged!

[*Exit for the purpose.*]

Baron. Silly fellow, to take the drama so seriously!

(*Curtain.*)

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

VI.—CAN ACTORS BE TOO STRONG?

SCENE—*The Strange Room. Chancery Lane Safe Deposit.*

PRESENT:

Mr. Weedon Grossmith.

Mr. Edmund Payne.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

Mr. Redford.

Mons. Walkley.

Herr Hackenschmidt.

Mr. George Alexander.

La Loie Fuller.

La Louie Freear.

Mrs. Kendal.

Little Tich.

Mr. Oscar Asche.

Miss Edna May.

Mrs. Brown Potter.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith. Ladies and Gentlemen,—This meeting has been convened to discuss the question of physical strength as a factor in histrionic efficiency. Sir HENRY IRVING, as you are doubtless aware, has written to Mr.

SANDOW cordially approving of his idea of starting special classes for actors. Personally, I am without any settled convictions on the point, and until I have finished my pamphlet I shall not know what I think; but I have no doubt that much light will be thrown on the subject by the numerous and gifted representatives of the profession whom I see around me.

Mr. Oscar Asche. An actor cannot be too strong or too massive. Think how ineffective *Iris* would have been if I had not been able to break furniture. But I did not break enough (*sighs deeply*), I did not break enough.

Mons. Walkley. But, on the other hand, no good Musclemans ever became a famous actor.

Mr. Redford (*Licensor of Plays*). I am not prepared to say that an actor can be too strong, but I am certain that many plays are.

Miss Edna May. Who is that gentleman?

Little Tich. He's the Lord Chamberlain's assistant.

Miss Edna May. Do you mean Mr. VINCE?

La Loie Fuller. Without strength a serpentine dancer is nowhere.

Miss Edna May. I have a very strong part in a new piece called *The Dumb Bell of New York*.

Mrs. Kendal. I quite agree with my sister artists. A strong play with strong situations needs a strong cast. But there must be a true balance of power. If *Othello* is played by a Hercules, *Desdemona* must be an Amazon, or at any rate a muscular Christian. Otherwise the strangling scene is too one-sided.

Herr Hackenschmidt. I should *Othello*, with the *Tremendous Turk* as *Desdemona*, greatly to play like. That would be a scene indeed be.

Mr. Redford. I doubt if it would be allowed. There seems to me a suggestion of bull-fighting in the contest.

Herr Hackenschmidt. We should the house down bring.

Mr. Forbes Robertson. I cannot go all the way with the last speaker. Let actors be strong, but not too strong. A willowy grace before muscle and brawn. The actor should be strong enough to stop conversation during the play; but no stronger.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Or to remove a hostile critic from the stalls.

Mr. George Alexander. What is a hostile critic like? I don't think I ever saw one.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Endurance rather than strength in my opinion is what is really needed of an actor. For example, he is the only character who may have to endure a frost in the dog days.

La Louie Freear. If I may say so, bulk and beef aren't in it with brains.

Mr. Edmund Payne. Heaven may be on the side of the big battalions, but the gods applaud the little nippers.

Mons. Walkley (*cantillating*). *χαίρετε βασιλεῖς ὁπάδαι.*

Mr. Weedon Grossmith (*interrupting*). Ladies and gentlemen, I am glad to be able to inform you that at the close of our discussion Herr HACKENSCHMIDT has kindly consented to wrestle with Mr. WALKLEY's terrible Greek.

Mrs. Brown Potter. The strength of a play does not necessarily reside in the physical force of the actors. A good title is very often half the battle. I may say that I have just copyrighted *Brown Pottage* for my next venture.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith. Then do I understand that the opinion of the meeting is that actors cannot be too strong, and that Mr. SANDOW's proposal is accepted?

Little Tich (*unanimously*). Certainly.

THE HOPEFUL LOVER.

[*The World* says, "Nothing so seriously occupies woman's attention as the innumerable aids to beauty. To endeavor yourself to her there is nothing surer than to be able to give some new specific for the complexion, or an infallible cure for wrinkles."]

DEAREST DOLLY, don't expect me, Just because I've had your note, Stating bluntly you reject me, Foolishly to cut my throat.

All between us is not ended; Someday you shall not decline; Someday, at my feet extended, You shall clamour to be mine!

I am off post-haste at daylight, Off to sample land and sea; And my hope is that I may light On some magic recipe—

Some specific, good for staining, Something utterly unique, That shall keep the bloom from waning From your cold and lovely cheek.

I am off, I say, at 'sun-up,' Off to find a mixture that At your chemist's may be done-up

If you think you're growing fat. I am off to get a wrinkle That shall make all others fly, That shall keep the hated crinkle From your forehead by-and-by.

Then, secure in my position, I shall once again propose; Sure of your complete submission— Till my secrets I disclose!

But, my love, you shall not 'do' me; Firmly shall my lips be shut; On that point in vain you'll woo me— Till the wedding-cake is cut!

Postscript.—Tell me, DOLLY dearest, If you can, ere I depart, Since my notion's not the clearest, Where you think I'd better start.

DIARY OF THE MODERN HUNT SECRETARY.

["Capping all non-subscribers is pretty generally resorted to, this season, not only in the Shires, but also with provincial packs."—*Daily Press.*]

Monday.—Splendid gallop after non-subscriber. Spotted the quarry on good-looking chestnut, whilst we were drawing big covert. Edged my horse over in his direction, but non-subscriber very wary—think he must have known my face as "collector of tolls." Retired again to far side of spinney and disguised myself in pair of false whiskers, which I always keep for these occasions. Craftily sidled up, and finally got within speaking distance, under cover of the whiskers, which effectually masked my battery. "Beg pardon, Sir," I began, lifting my hat, "but I don't think I have the pleasure of knowing your name as a subscri—" But he was off like a shot. Went away over a nice line of country, all grass, and a good sound take-off to most of the fences. Non-subscriber had got away with about a three lengths lead of me, and that interval was fairly maintained for the first mile and a-half of the race. Then, felt most annoyed to see that my quarry somewhat gained on me as we left the pasture land and went across a holding piece of plough. Over a stiff post and rails, and on again, across some light fallow, towards a big dry ditch. The hunted one put his horse resolutely at it—must say he rode very straight, but what *won't* men do to avoid "parting"?—horse jumped short and disappeared from view together with his rider. Next moment I had also come a cropper at ditch, and rolled down on top of my prey. "Excuse me," I said, taking out my pocket-book and struggling to my knees in six inches of mud, "but when you rather abruptly started away from covertsides, I was just about to remark that I did not think you were a subscriber, and that I should have much pleasure in taking the customary 'cap'—thank you." And he paid up quite meekly. We agreed, as we rode back together, in the direction in which we imagined hounds to be, that even if they had got away with a good fox, the field would not be likely to have had so smart a gallop as he and I had already enjoyed. Lost my day's hunting, of course.

Thursday.—Got away after another non-subscriber, and chased him over four fields, after which he ran me out of sight. Lost my day's hunting again, but was highly commended by M.F.H. for my zeal.

Saturday.—M.F.H. pointed out five non-subscribers, and I at once started off to "cap" them. Lost another day with hounds—shall send in my resignation.



ENFANT TERRIBLE.

Family Doctor. "I HOPE, MY DEAR LADY, THAT YOU ARE ALL THE BETTER FOR YOUR LONG HOLIDAY AND THOROUGH CHANGE OF AIR."

The Patient. "IT HAS DONE ME ALL THE GOOD IN THE WORLD, MY DEAR DOCTOR. I AM A DIFFERENT BEING; IN FACT QUITE ANOTHER WOMAN!"

Sharp Child. "OH, MAMMA! HOW PLEASED PAPA WILL BE WHEN HE HEARS THIS!"

Exclusiveness in the Kitchen.

POSITION WANTED—by experienced Cook; best of reference; no Clerical family need apply.—*Advt. in the "Ottawa Evening Journal."*

REUTER'S Special Service reports that in the course of Lord CURZON'S progress to Koweit, the route being lined by tribesmen, "a constant fusillade of ball cartridge was maintained by the mounted escort." He further speaks of the reception given the VICEBOY as most cordial. It certainly sounds quite warm.

FROM THE FRENCH LADY BARRISTER TO MISS CAVE:—"Brief life is here, my Portia."

IN Birmingham—the very headquarters of the Tariff Reform League—they seem to do so well on Free Food that a municipal limit has had to be fixed for corporeal expansion. The *Birmingham Evening Dispatch*, in describing the new motor omnibuses, says:—"Thirty-six passengers will be provided for: fourteen inside, twenty on the top, and two beside the driver. They will be 6½ ft. wide, which is the limit allowed, 20 ft. long, and weigh two tons."

A MOVEMENT is on foot to compel financiers, when registering companies, to deposit their finger-prints, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.



THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

First Worthy. "WHERE DO I GET MY OPINIONS FROM ON THIS 'ERE FAIR TRADE? FROM SQUIRE, O' COURSE. 'E GAVE ME TWO PARTRIDGES WHEN MY OLE 'OOMAN WERE BAD, AN'—"

Second Worthy. "TAKE CARE, GILES, TAKE CARE. WHAT'S THAT BUT BRIBERY?"

First W. "DON'T YOU RUN ON SO FAST, GAFFER. THEY BIRDS WAS THAT 'IGH, WE NEVER TOUCHED 'EM."

Second W. "WORSE AN' WORSE! THAT'S BRIBERY AN' CORRUPTION!"

THE NEWEST CHRISTMAS GIFT.

(A Dialogue overheard at one of our Great Emporia.)

VERY seasonable weather this morning, Madam, what can I show you, Madam?

Well, I should like to look at your latest Christmas novelties, please.

Certainly, Madam. This way, please. May I ask if it is for a present, Madam?

Yes, for a small boy of a scientific turn of mind.

Exactly, Madam. Will you walk this way to our Radium Bazaar? Mr. JONES, will you kindly attend to this lady?

Yes, Sir. Would you like one of our Curie collar-studs, Madam—you see it in the glass saucer, Madam, behind the grille—price only £1,000,000? Or we could do you a Ramsay Pin-head, remarkably cheap, for seven hundred

thousand guineas. It is guaranteed to consist of pure radium bromide only. Then we have a very neat line in needle-points, £500,000 for the dozen, just over from Bavaria, with 3s. 9d. morocco-leather case thrown in. They are highly recommended for sewing with in the dark. Shall I open the safe for you, Madam?

Good gracious no, I wanted something at about half-a-crown!

I am very sorry, Madam, but there has been no dumping of radium as yet, and so we are obliged to price these articles rather higher than the usual Christmas present. Even then our profit is practically nil in these days of cut-throat competition.

Haven't you *anything* just a little more reasonable? I don't wish to be out of the fashion this season, and I must have radium.

Well, Madam, I think I can show you the very thing, if you will be good enough to look into this microscope. It is the highest power known, and you see here a particle exactly one half-millionth of an inch in diameter. We are making a most sensationally low quotation, Madam, for this line of goods—only £9 19s. 11d. per particle. We are, in fact, cutting prices, Madam, in order to meet all purses. It is really dirt cheap, Madam, when you consider that each particle, though doubtless you can't see it with the unaided eye, contains 6,000,000 atoms. That works out to one twenty-five-hundredth of a penny per atom—practically giving them away, Madam! And they are guaranteed to last for ever, and won't wash clothes, though they will burn a hole in anybody's pocket.

It is very interesting, but I am afraid I can't go beyond two-and-six at the utmost.

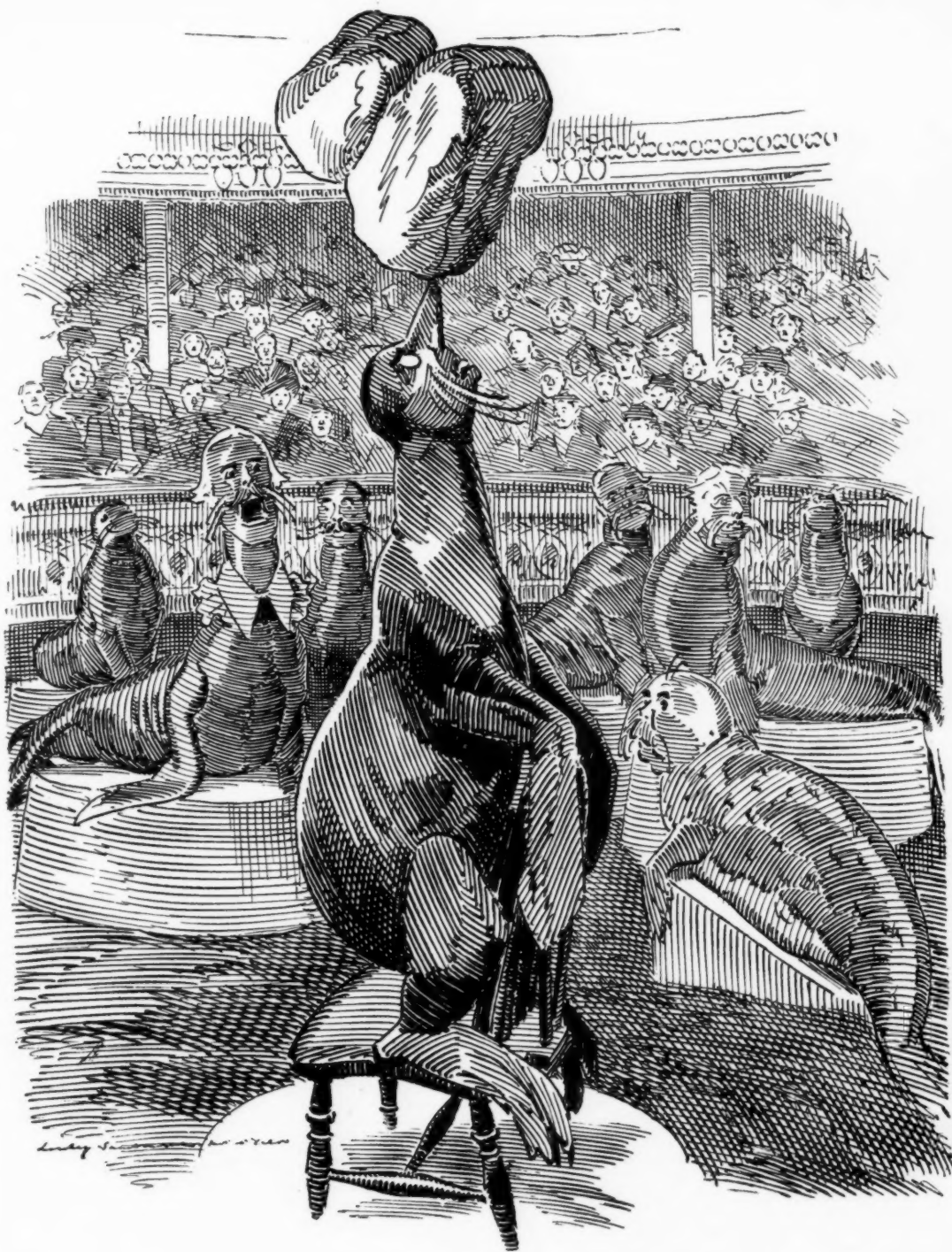
If the young gentleman will come round here, Madam, we can give him a Radium Emanation at the figure you name. We cannot deliver the Emanations, Madam, as we find they change into something else in transit. Or we could let him have a spinthariscopes on the instalment system. They are all the rage this Christmas, Madam, as supplied to Fellows of the Royal Society.

I'm very sorry, but I think I'll have to get him a clockwork motor-car, after all.

Certainly, Madam. Will you kindly enquire at the Penny Toy Department at the further end of the establishment. Good morning, Madam!

CAN any Lady Recommend a first-rate HEAD HOUSEMAID of three, for the Country?—Advert. in the "Times."

Nothing, we notice, is said about the ages of subordinate menials, but they should be something quite inconsiderable.



THE PERFORMING SEA-LIONS.

(From Westminster, as now appearing nightly in the Provinces.)



ESSENCE OF CONGRESS.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Washington, Monday night.—Fifty-eighth Congress opens to-day. Scene an oblong chamber, encircled by galleries crowded with citizens of great Republic, mostly women. No grille; no anguished separation from brothers or cousins; no obscuration of best bonnets or new frocks. In the States, according to Declaration of Independence, all citizens are on footing of equality, especially *citoyennes*. An empty cane-seated chair set on dais of whitemarble faces amphitheatre of desks, at which are seated some 360 exceedingly capable-looking men. All bare-headed. A free country where every man may do as he likes; generally does; line drawn at wearing hats in Congress.

Chair on dais is the Speaker's; empty for same reason that, on historical occasion, Spanish fleet was not seen: "because it was not yet in sight." Speaker not yet elected. So clerk at Table, wigless and gownless, takes charge of proceedings.

In a certain effete country when House of Commons meets in similar circumstances, clerk at Table also assumes direction of preliminary proceeding. Not being a duly elected Member he may not directly address one. Accordingly, when time comes for mover of Resolution nominating Speaker, he dumbly points forefinger at Hon. or Right Hon. Gentleman, who thereupon rises and commences his speech.

No nonsense of that kind with us, under the Stars and Stripes that hang motionless behind Speaker's Chair. The clerk—by way of distinction he is a Major, not a Colonel—speaks up briskly, making House generally step lively. Armed with stout auctioneer's hammer, he thunders three raps on astonished Table. Insulars, with their narrow prejudice, expect him to remark, "Now what shall we say for this fine article?" On the contrary, he calls upon the Gentleman from Iowa to get on his legs. The Gentleman from Iowa, responding, proposes Mr. CANNON as Speaker.

At utterance of name there is perceptible movement of surprise.

"CANNON?" one almost hears whispered, "who's that?"

The fact is, the Hon. JOSEPH G. CANNON, of Illinois, has for nearly twenty years been known in Congress as "UNCLE JOE." On reflection perceived that occasion is exceptional; no audible protest made.

In distant quarters of roomy Chamber the Gentleman from Virginia, on behalf of Democratic minority, proposes Mr. WILLIAMS.

Without more ado House divides; roll



"JOE'S" LONG SWIM.

Arthur. "YOU B-B-BUST HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF IT, HAVEN'T YOU, J-J-JOE? IT'S BIGHTY COLD EVED ID THE B-B-BOAT; SH-SH-SHALL WE TAKE YOU ID?"

Joe. "TAKE ME IN; I SHOULD THINK NOT! IT'S A BIT CHILLY IN PLACES, AND THE TIDE IS RATHER STIFF, BUT, BLESS YOU, I LIKE IT!"

of Parliament produced, second clerk reads it out name by name, each Member responds with cry of "CANNON" or "WILLIAMS." Midway a new Member, forgetful of solemnity of occasion, gets as far as "UNC—" Colleagues seated near dig him in the ribs; he coughs apologetically, and says "CANNON."

Result of voting: 198 for CANNON, 166 for WILLIAMS. UNCLE JOE has it.

Where is UNCLE JOE? Peremptory Major in clerk's chair orders off two Members in search of him. UNCLE JOE discovered in the Rotunda studying gigantic painting of Surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga in 1777, a masterpiece by one TRUMBULL.

"Dear me!" said UNCLE JOE, benevolently regarding through his spectacles the two gentlemen who brought him news of his election, "you don't say so."

"Step lively," says Mr. WILLIAMS, his competitor for the office, to whom has fallen the gracious task of presenting the successful candidate to the expectant House.

As UNCLE JOE enters, leaning on arm of the Gentleman from Mississippi, Congressmen rose to their feet and loudly clapped their hands. Democrat or Republican, they were all one in their loyalty to the duly elected Speaker. Applause renewed when Mr. WILLIAMS,

having inducted the Speaker to the Chair, came forward, and in a few friendly sentences commended him to favourite consideration of what he described as "the greatest Parliamentary body on the surface of the earth."

UNCLE JOE almost affected to tears. Could not trust himself to deliver extemporaneous speech. Read from MS. a brief, simple acknowledgment of honour done him. Being sworn in, he unexpectedly produced a hammer a size larger than that wielded by the clerk at the Table; vigorously thumped Table in token that the special Session of Fifty-eighth Congress of the United States was about to enter on everyday business.

Thus simply doth the Daughter of the Mother of Parliaments array herself for legislative work.

Before sitting adjourned UNCLE JOE gave Members a taste of his quality. In far-off time a Gentleman from Florida being elected to Congress, the female members of his family bethought them of marking the occasion by floral tribute. According to tradition that still lingers in the corridors of House, GUSSIE, the youngest daughter, proposed to bind Pa's brows with chaplets of roses. Pa demurred on the ground that "that kind of rot was all very well for one of

those Roman Emperors," but wouldn't do for a Gentleman from Florida. Com-promise arrived at on the basis of placing on Pa's desk a magnificent bouquet.

The thing took on. Up to last Session, on opening day nearly every desk was loaded with bouquets of size patriotically proportioned to area of United States. To-day, looking in on Senate House, found most of the desks flower-laden, with blushing Senator sitting in front of his tribute. First impression of ignorant stranger was that he had stumbled on Annexe of Covent Garden, and that these grave and reverend Seigneurs were on the outlook for custom for their wares.

Just before Congress rose to-day an incursion of page boys took place. Each carried, shoulder high, huge bouquets with name-card attached. These they deposited on desks of Congressmen to whom they were addressed. UNCLE JOE looked on for a while, a cloud of stern resolve mantling his loving countenance.

Then he arose in his might, "No more flowers," he said.

"By request," murmured a Member to whom none had been addressed.

Thereupon, it being twenty-five minutes to four, the House, in session since noon, adjourned.

Business done.—SPEAKER elected.

AN INVITATION.

EXHAUSTED by a weather-change
Immutably persistent,
My mind at last inclines to range
To something pretty distant,
To some remote and torrid shore
(You'll ask, no doubt, "Which is it?")
Where sunshine is a little more
Unlike an angel's visit.

What hinders us from such a trip?
As soon as we are able
Let's pack our bits of duds and slip
Our taut restrictive cable.
Then free across the sea we'll go,
With nothing to remind us
That—since you say it must be so—
Our wives remain behind us.

We needn't sail the whole world round:
I rather think I see us
Both landed on the sacred ground
Adjoining the Piræus.
In Grecian air we'll greet at ease,
With never an umbrella,
The sons of great Miltiades
In fez and fustanella.

And next, by balmy breezes borne
Across a sea of opal,
We'll anchor in the Golden Horn
And see Constantinople.
In each bazaar we'll purchase twice
As much as we have need for,
For something less than half the price
The slippered sellers plead for.

Since pleasure is our settled plan,
c|In Pera we'll pursue it;
Our multi-lingual Dragoman
Shall teach us how to do it.
I'll watch you while you learn the way
Of chasing every trouble
By sucking at a nargilhé,
I.e., a hubble-bubble.

Then, presto, change, we'll have some
fun

In groves of palm and cocoa;
We'll follow the receding sun
Right up the Orinoco.
Then, striking South and moving fast
Wherever mortal may go,
I trust we shall emerge at last
In Tierra del Fuego!

Perhaps we'll trot through Turkestan
And other parts of Asia;
Through China on to far Japan,
And call upon the Geisha.
In India we can do and dare,
And, if you think you like war,
I'll fight you as a Rajah there,
And you can be a Gaikwar.

And then—? Why then, our skins
done brown,
And our finances undone,
We'll suddenly return to town
And make our pile in London.
What tales we'll tell of every sea
And every land we roam to!
And, oh, how pleased our wives will be
To have us back at home too!

R. C. L.

MRS. CRUMPET'S CONFIDENCES.

II.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Of the many journalistic publications purposed to whirl away the leisurely hour there is none which personally I support more cordial—present company excepted, *Mr. Punch*—than the *Daily Telegraph*. Well, Sir, lately the *Daily Telegraph* has printed a number of letters about a matter which I can speak of better than most. The title is less genteel than I could have thought for: "Are we habitually over-indulgent in the matter of nutrition?" would have been politer; "Do we indubitably over-estimate the potentialities of the stomach?" would have been better still. The *Telegraph*, however, has dropped into vulgar little words for once, and puts the question—rather coarsely, I think—as "Do we eat too much?"

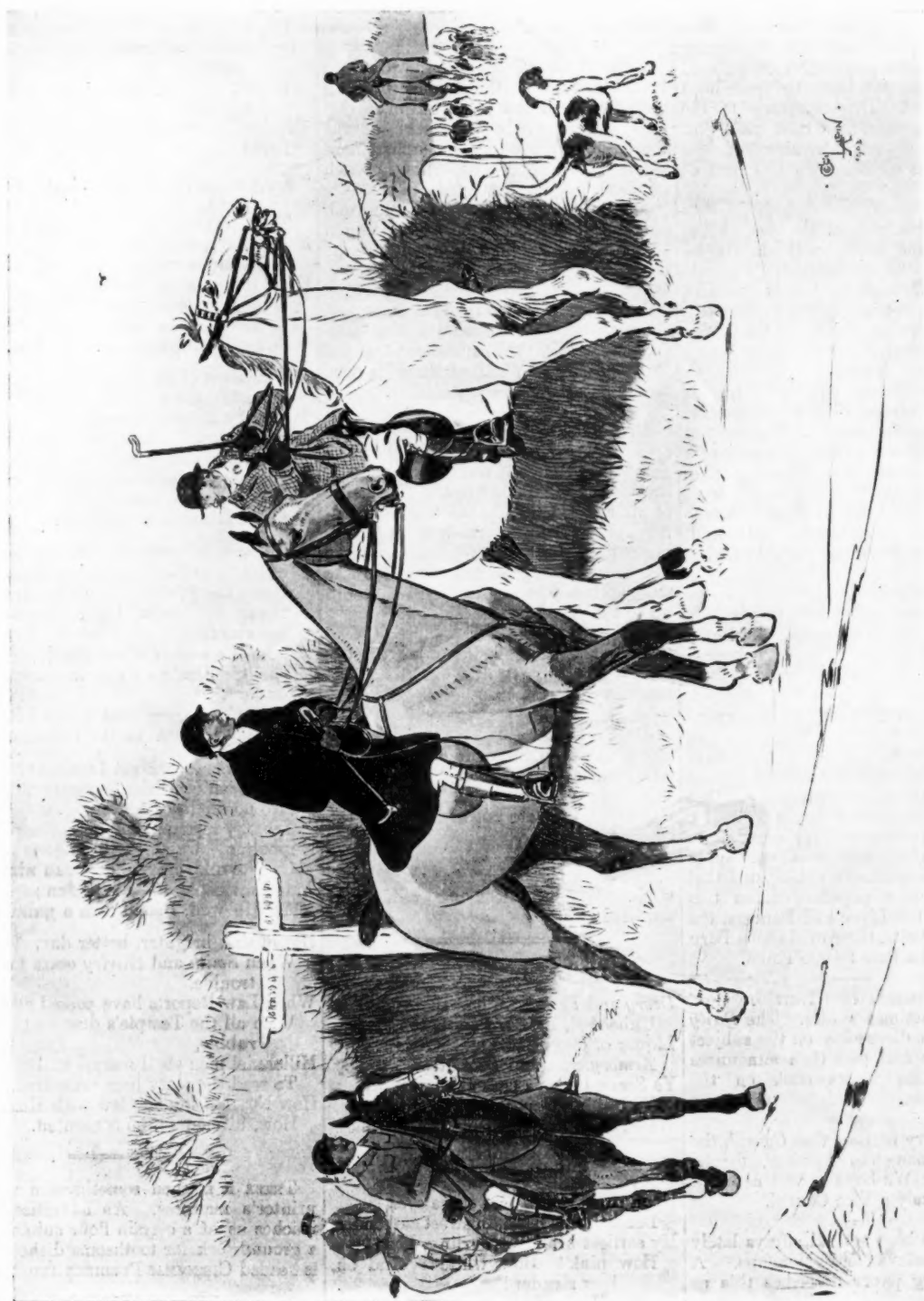
Some of us do, *Mr. Punch*, and some of us don't. My first situation was with an old lady who thought herself permanently invalidated. My duties would be light, said she, her appetite being that poor. But she had to try and eat, her doctor bidding her keep up her strength. And try she did. Nobody more so. Tea and roll at eight was her

programme; breakfast—three hot dishes—at nine; a little snack about 11, a four-course lunch at 1.30, another little snack towards 3, tea with muffins plentiful at 4.30, a regular set-to of a dinner at 8, and then one more little snack at bedtime. One morning I happened to come up to the dining-room, her doctor a-sitting there, and she complaining very sorrowful about her loss of appetite. "Beg pardon, M'm," says I afore she could speak, "but that there salmon hasn't come. So there'll only be the soup, and the lobster and the pheasant and a sweet or two for lunch, but I've sent out for three pork chops and—" Here she ordered me out of the room, aggravated-like, but I saw the doctor's eyes open singular. She gave me notice that very afternoon.

Then there are others as eat too little. Mostly it's on account of these new-fangled cookery books, which—asking your pardon, *Mr. Punch*—I say, drat 'em! My last master brought one home from London with him. He called me upstairs in order to expatiate its merits. "Mrs. CRUMPET," he says, "we have been wasting money wholesale. I have told your mistress that we will follow in future the rules in this little book. *The Careful Caterer* is the name of it. Table III. is the one we shall adopt. It works out, you see, at 5s. 7½d. a head per week for each member of the household. Next Monday I shall hand you enough money to last us at this rate for a week. You will make your own purchases, but, *whatever happens*, you must not exceed this estimate." "Very good, Sir," says I, and shortly afterwards I kicked that *Careful Caterer* right round my kitchen, releasing steam, as you might say. On Monday master gave me the money. On Saturday evening he brought a friend home to dinner, having boasted to him—the parlour-maid heard him—for ten minutes on end about the *Careful Caterer*. Well, the soup I sent up was made of tea, vinegar, and the dregs of a Worcester-sauce bottle. How they ate it I don't know. For the fish, I sent up the heads and 'ails of four herrings—left on the plates at breakfast that day. Set on the middle of the dish they were, with a ring of parsley round about. Master rang the bell furious. "Send Mrs. CRUMPET here!" he roared. Up I came, and explained that all the money allowed by the *Careful Caterer* had been finished at lunch. "And is there no meat?" asked master, savage as a bull. "No, Sir," says I, "but there is a sweet—four lumps of sugar, Sir, with a nice drop of treacle on them." We didn't use the *Careful Caterer* after that.

Yours obediently,

MARTHA CRUMPET.



THE "CAPPING" QUESTION.

Hunt Secretary (to stranger, who is out for the first time with hounds). "There is a small 'Cap' we——"
Jones (nervously). "Yes, yes, I see—but I didn't think everyone had to wear it!"

CHARIVARIA.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, in an endeavour to prove the flourishing state of our trade, declared that "Germany used to have a practical monopoly of the wire trade, but lately we have been altering that." This reference to the KAISER'S telegrams, at a time when that monarch is scarcely convalescent, does not strike us as being in the best of taste.

A new comedy from the pen of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES will shortly be produced at the Haymarket. The title is *Joseph Entangled*. We understand it is not, as the name might lead one to believe, a dramatic version of Mr. Chamberlain's *Proposals*.

The *Irish Times* asks:—"When is any of the Cabinet, or any ex-Member, going to speak in Ireland? The boycott of this country by British orators is really one of the most amazing phenomena of the day." Some people don't know when they are in luck. Not so the Irishman. He knows quite well, and makes a grievance of not having one.

Asked by an interviewer to give his views on the Fiscal Question, Mr. BRYAN (U.S.A.) answered:—"The English must on a question of this sort come to their own decision." This is a little unkind, when he might so easily have decided for us.

The proprietors of a much-advertised medical nostrum are announcing that they have prepared a Music Folio for which they predict a huge circulation, as it will be given away to all who apply for it. It is confidently anticipated that among the most popular dances this year will be the Liver Pill Lancers, the Wart Cure Waltz, the Anti-Bilious Barn Dance, and the Pale People Polka.

Modern methods of advertising are, however, sometimes subtle. The *Daily Mail* starts a discussion on the subject of reading in bed, and then announces the publication of its book on the Fiscal Question.

We are sorry to hear that Consul, the wonderful man-like monkey, drinks and smokes. We hope he will not turn out to be merely a Vice Consul.

There have been several affrays lately between Russians and Manchus. A St. Petersburg paper describes this as Civil War.

The object of the British expedition to Thibet is said to be to impress the

Lama with a sense of the power of Britain. This renders it more important than ever that the expedition should be a success.

Only three officers are on duty at Forbach out of the whole training battalion. All the rest are "on leave." This is said to be the result of the revelations made by ex-Lieutenant BILSE in his novel about the Forbach garrison. A distinguished and patriotic French novelist has now, it is reported, announced his attention of writing a series of realistic novels about all the German garrison towns.

Mr. CLEVELAND has made a statement showing that his decision not to come forward again as candidate for the Presidency of the United States is once more unalterable and conclusive.

Mr. Punch, in anticipating correspondence from a number of ladies and gentlemen who will want to know why they were not included in his "Academy of all the Talents," takes this opportunity of explaining that, if they are regular subscribers, the omission was due to want of space, but that all others were excluded owing to their not being up to the mark.

Much interest is being taken in the impending buy-election in the Caermarthen Boroughs.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER recently drew attention to the large number of ladies who wear wigs. The Benchers of Gray's Inn have now informed Miss BERTHA CAVE that they are not in favour of the custom spreading.

The Navy has had a fairly satisfactory week. We have lost one vessel and acquired two.

A LEADING CASE.

Derry and Peek have had their day.

Unheeded, Bernard spills the fiery Liquor of Coggs. Be off! Away!

Armory, yes, and Delamirie.

Ye Seven Bishops pass along!

Ye bilking Carpenters, be trotting!

Wake, Muse! Enshrine in deathless song

The leading case of *Hill v. Notting*.

Upon this desk, before these eyes,

Beneath this hand, in sweet surrender,
My earliest brief, my darling, lies.

How pink! How white! And oh,
how slender!

Now all thy secrets, sweet, confide;

Lay bare thy heart to thy fond lover
(She is a perfect blank inside.

She has no secrets to discover).

"In the High Court of Justice." See,
The noble words are written plainly.
Justice, my client calls on thee;

Oh, let him not invoke thee vainly.

Thy scales prepare; unsheath thy sword;

Blind Justice, pull thy bandage tighter;

Take Mr. NOTTING at his word;

Decide against the other blighter!

"King's Bench Division." Clear and pure

The fount in which I place my trust is.
No equitable wiles obscure

This limpid well of abstract justice.

Upon this mighty maxim, lo!

False Double-tongues, I stand defiant:

"The King can do no wrong." And so
He cannot hurt my honest client.

The moment of my triumph mark,

"Monday the seventh at ten thirty,"

Traced by some careless lawyer's clerk,

Whose thumb, I note, was rather dirty.

To him it means perchance, poor fool,

"Six days to Saturday and KATIE;"

To me—one step towards the Wool-Sack's *otium cum dignitate*.

"Hill versus Notting." Oh, my brief!

When I am for a judgship running,

(As sang the psalmist in his grief)

"Let my right hand forget her cunning,"

If from the tablets of my mind,

Though stands my star in the ascendant,

Thy title's gone.—What's this I find?

"Brief to consent for the Defendant"?

And is this all? Must I consent?

Thy meaning, Brief, I cannot miss it.

I have no doubt of what is meant

Yes, my instructions are explicit.

No matter! Justice will be done

On NOTTING, craven, dolt and ninny;

And he will pay for all the fun;

And I—well, I shall earn a guinea.

But in that brighter, better day,

When *Smith* and *Shirley* cease to trouble,

When Law Reports have passed away

With all the Temple's dust and rubble,

Millennial men shall marvel still

To read the story here presented,

How NOTTING went to law with HILL,

How, ultimately, he consented.

THERE is method sometimes in a misprinter's madness. An advertisement reaches us of a certain flour suitable as a groundwork for toothsome dishes. It is headed CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS AND AKES.

APT QUOTATION FOR GOLFERS ON THE LINKS.—"Tread lightly, this is Holey Ground."

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

Now here is a real treat as a Christmas gift for children, in the shape of *The Enchanted Doll*, published by the De la More Press, Regent Street. Every Punchite will welcome it as bearing on its title-page the names of its author, MARK LEMON, *Mr. Punch's* first editor, and of DICKY DOYLE, one of the most playfully fanciful and grotesquely humorous artists that ever put pencil to paper in Punchian service. And this Christmas Book is dedicated to the daughters of the great master of all modern Christmas books, "to MARY and KATE DICKENS."

It is good reading too, for "Uncle MARK" was a first-rate hand at a short story. DICKY DOYLE's work is not seen at its best in this reproduction, where, in the Baron's copy at least, it is too heavily printed. To the Baron it is the book of the coming Christmas season.

Since writing the above, the Baron, by the kind thoughtfulness of Lady ROMER, has now before him the original edition of this "Fairy Tale for Little People," published by "BRADBURY AND EVANS" at "11, Bouverie Street, MDCCCL," two years after the appearance of CHARLES DICKENS' *Haunted Man*, that is, just fifty-three years ago. And here the book is, strongly bound, with "BETTY" in gold letters on the cover, showing that MARK, its author, had a special copy made up for presentation to members of his own family as well as for "MARY and KATE DICKENS" to whom the "little book is affectionately inscribed," the dedication being adorned with a fancifully imagined capital letter—a T—as an initial, in red ink, designed by RICHARD DOYLE. The illustrations in this first edition are of a delicate tone, and do justice to the dainty handiwork of the inimitable DICKY. So here, as COLLEY CIBBER observed, "RICHARD's himself again."

My Nautical Retainer writes:—Between 1852 and 1874, the period covered by *The Story of a Soldier's Life* (CONSTABLE), we had very little fighting going on in which LORD WOLSELEY did not have a hand. The Burmah campaign of 1852-3, the siege of Sebastopol, the Indian Mutiny, the taking of the Taku Forts and Peking, the Red River Expedition, and the Ashantee War are all embraced in this enthralling autobiography. The narrative, soldierly and businesslike, if at times somewhat amateurish in style and lacking in literary imagination, is the work of a man of clear observation and judgment, with a keen eye alike for country and character. Although the author devotes very little time to the history of affairs in which he himself bore no part, his tale is remarkable for its continuity. Once only

is this broken, when the reader, after spending some hundred pages (unfortunately without a map) in the trenches before Sebastopol, is compelled, on account of a severe wound sustained by the author, to forego the triumph of its final capture. *En revanche*, at the relief of the Lucknow Residency, LORD WOLSELEY, who was then a captain in the 90th L. I., was the first, after breaking into the Motee Mohul, to join hands with the beleaguered garrison. He was at once warned to keep out of Sir COLIN CAMPBELL's way, as the Chief was furious with him for having exceeded his orders and so spoilt a carefully-arranged scheme by which the beloved 93rd Highlanders were to have figured in the foreground of just such a dramatic tableau.

LORD WOLSELEY has not quite escaped from the snares that are laid for those who exchange the sword, of which they know a great deal, for the pen, of which they know relatively little. He is tempted to embroider his theme with incidental flowers of rhetoric. And in this kind, in his platitudes, for instance, on NAPOLEON (suggested by a visit to St. Helena), or in his reiterated eulogies of the British soldier, he tends to become commonplace and rather tiresome. A still worse quality must be suspected in the following passage: "How many such gallant British soldiers lie buried all over the world. . . . It is their valour and their self-sacrifice that enables home tradesmen to make fortunes, live at ease, and to marry their sons and daughters into gentle families."

Modest as regards his own exploits, LORD WOLSELEY is irrepressibly assertive in praise of his cloth. But how delightfully naive is his optimism, where he goes to the Mussulman's length of assigning a seat in Paradise, as his natural right, to every brave soldier who falls on the field. On the other hand no such place should be reserved, if the author's advice were consulted, for any civil administrator.

He is never tired of execrating their intrusive stupidity; and on the last page of a book that does not pretend to go beyond the year 1874 he introduces a personal reference to Mr. BRODRICK which, when one considers the deliberate character of it, and the public and permanent importance of the work in which it appears, must be regarded as being in strangely doubtful taste. One may venture to hope that, in a future edition, LORD WOLSELEY will withdraw this gratuitous sneer; and that, if he gratifies the general desire by continuing his narrative to the date when, as he says, "I gladly bid good-bye to the War Office and ceased to be the nominal Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Land Forces," he will



OUR GOOSE CLUB.

"GO HOME WITH IT, AND PLEASE YOUR WIFE WITHAL;
AND SOON AT SUPPER-TIME I'LL VISIT YOU."

Comedy of Errors, Act III., Sc. 2.



NEW READING OF OLD SHAKSPEARIAN TITLE.

"ALL SWELL THAT TEND SWELL."

take pains, in dealing with living persons, to temper valour with discretion.

Messrs. WALKER present specimens of calendars and pocket-books for the Baron's approval: so also does the firm of DE LA RUE. Between the two what choice is there? How happy would any writer in Diaries, or pocket of Pocket Books, be with either! Were he offered a charming little morocco-bound handy-sized pocket-book for every-day use, on reading the name of its inventor and vendor, he might exclaim, "WALKER!" but he would not turn his back upon so useful a gift. Dainty are the little diary calendars of DE LA RUE, and for these treasures the prices are far from De la Ruinous.

Susannah and One Elder, by E. MARIA ALBANESI (METHUEN), is so fascinating a story that anyone who has once commenced reading it will be selfishly inclined to wish for ordinary meteorological disturbance of the elements that may furnish a satisfactory excuse for remaining indoors to peruse this novel in comfortable, cosy quietude. The localities, where for the most part the action of this novel takes place, are described in such well-considered artistic word-painting that even the most impatient reader, eager to get ahead with the movement of the characters, in whom his interest has been from the very first thoroughly aroused, will willingly linger among these rural landscapes, in order that he may better realise and more thoroughly sympathise with the motives, sayings, and doings of the persons who move and have their being amid these picturesque lights and shadows. All the *dramatis personæ* are clearly defined; not lectured upon and explained by the author in long analytical passages, but allowed to develop their different characters in the course of the action. There is a fine study of an elderly aunt, who, in her way, is a sort of beneficent old *Lady Kew*, and there are some exceptionally powerful scenes. Yet has the Baron two small faults to find. The first is [its utterly misleading title, which at once suggests the history of "SUSANNAH and the Elders," with which this tale has no more to do than it has with POTIPHAR's wife and JOSEPH or any other biblical subject. The title is irrelevant and, as the Baron has already insisted, misleading. The second

fault is the authoress's plan of heading her chapters with quotations which, whether real or invented (and the one in old French, which is the equivalent of "I do not like you, Dr. FELL," renders the Baron a trifle suspicious), distract attention and serve no useful purpose. Headings are as texts: and chapters of a novel must not be sermons. Heaven forbid it! These two *gravamina* apart, the Baron has nothing but the highest praise for this most excellent novel.



WASTED SYMPATHY.

SCENE—Interior of Railway Carriage.

Lady (to gentleman who has just entered and is placing one of his fellow passenger's bags on the floor where there is a hot-water bottle). Oh! Excuse me, Sir, but, please don't put that near the hot-water bottle. I've got a little bird in the bag.

Elderly Gentleman (who is an enthusiastic Anti-Vivisectionist and prominent member of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals). Good Heavens, Madam! a bird in there! Please consider! How cruel! how inhuman! how—(gasps for words).

Lady. Not at all, my dear Sir. It's a roast partridge, cold, for lunch. [Collapse of Enthusiast.

STARTLING! RATHER!—A letter from *The Gentlewoman* commanded our most respectful courtesy. It ran thus:—"I think you will be interested to know that we have recently purchased 'The Sun'." . . . "Purchased the Sun!" Perhaps this fact may account for the recent absence of that Master Luminary. If they would only "purchase the Fog," and keep it locked up! Again we take up the typed letter and continue. Oh, a thousand pardons! It is "the Sun newspaper" that has been purchased, and it will have come out strong, it is to be hoped, ere this notice appears. Our best wishes. Go it, Sunny!